

Richard Hall Jr.

The story of his life by Marie Watson

Transcribed by Faye West, June 2010

“Send forth the Elders of my church into the nations which are afar off; unto the islands of the seas; send forth unto foreign lands; call upon all nations, first upon the Gentiles and then upon the Jews.

And behold and lo, this shall be their cry, and the voice of the Lord unto all people; go ye forth unto the land of Zion that the borders of my people may be enlarged and that her stakes may be strengthened, and that Zion may go forth unto the regions round about.”

The second son and third child of Richard Hall Sr and his wife Anne Boardley was Richard, born 14 Feb 1846, at Liverpool, Lancashire, England. The Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints contacted Richard’s parents in England, at one of their places of residence in Yorkshire. The Elders baptized Richard and his wife, both age 24, only three and one half years after the first Elders reached the shores of England. Among those the Saviour referred to when he said, “my sheep shall hear my voice,” Richard’s father Richard and brother Joseph accepted the gospel. The two brothers worked and preached and helped spread the gospel and baptized members in the areas where they worked in Yorkshire. Later the two families moved to Liverpool, Lancashire, where the men found work on the great docks of Liverpool. They were stone masons. Hannah Hall, the wife of Joseph, recorded in her diary, “we started for Liverpool to make our way shorter and nearer to Zion.”

Richard Jr’s sojourn on earth was to be an eventful one, full of sacrifice and hardship. He was one of those choice spirits, chosen to come to earth at this particular time when Israel was being gathered from the nations to Zion to build up a nucleus of the church, the stakes of Zion from whence the gospel could go forth into the regions round about, that the borders of the Lord’s people could be enlarged. His entire life was to be one of pioneering.

His first four years were spent in Liverpool. In 1849 his parents had saved enough to go to Zion. On 9 Aug 1849 his father paid for the family ticket to sail on the ship *Argo* bound for New Orleans, Louisiana. The ship was scheduled to sail 6 Jan 1850. One wonders at the experiences of this four year old boy. There was the excitement of preparation, the stories of going to Zion, the preparations. There were the milling crowds and passengers at the boat, most of them members of the church anxiously looking forward to their trip to Zion to be gathered with the saints there. Then the embarking, and the journey. How would a young boy react to the great waters and the rolling waves; the long days and nights and weeks on the boat; perhaps sea sickness, and the effects of the winds and perhaps storms, and with possibly many faith promoting experiences, as most crossings by the saints had experiences that tested them? We wonder what Richard observed as a little boy. He would have observed much and thought much if we knew. Then came land, New Orleans, the docking of the ship, excitement and action again, the unloading, the river boat and the trip up the Mississippi to St Louis, Missouri. Was he happy to meet his Aunt Hannah there with her children who had been his play mates all of his life? Did he miss his Uncle Joseph who had died in St Louis before his arrival? Was he happy to be settled into a new life with

strange people and customs perhaps, the gathered saints from all nations or states, making continuous preparations to cross the plains and finish their journey to the mountains? There were continuous lines of caravans leaving for somewhere.

What were his experiences in St Louis for two years? The most fun things could have happened. The saddest experience was to be the death here in St Louis of his lovely mother. What were his emotional experiences? How much stayed with him in memory? This we know – these experiences were to determine, in a great measure, his future life.

Richard's mother and his new-born baby sister were both to give up their lives due to an epidemic of cholera which hit the camps in St Louis at that time. The baby's name was Martha. This is probably the reason why his father stayed in St Louis for nearly two years before continuing his journey westward. When the time came to leave St Louis there were in the family the father, an older brother John, an older sister Elizabeth "Lizzy", and a younger sister Rebecca "Becky". His father had a cow, a neighbor had a horse and these were hitched to a wagon loaded with what provisions they had, and the two families started together their long weary trek across the plains on foot. Young Richard, "Dick", had to walk this long trail barefoot and drive the cattle for the company, said his family. Again one can only surmise the experiences of the trek. The hardships, the weariness, the varied weather, the varieties of terrain, the long weary miles. My tour over those long miles from Salt Lake City to Missouri brought tears to my eyes, a prayer to my heart, as I tried to comprehend how they walked that distance and what they must have endured.

Somewhere during this journey, Richard's father married a young English woman, Eliza Brooks, from Birmingham. He had a mother again for only two weeks. Eliza took cholera and died. But the family journeyed on. After arriving in Salt Lake City in 1851 [1852]¹ the President of the church, Brigham Young, advised them to go on to Sanpete Valley and assist in the colonization there. They went as far as Provo where they stopped over for two years. In 1853 the family moved on to Manti, Sanpete County. Eddie, his grandson, said, "Thus Richard Hall grew in the pioneering of that period and part of Utah, and the spirit of pioneering stayed with him."

Manti was 125 miles south of Salt Lake City. This was to be Richard's home for the rest of his childhood and all but five years of his later life. The family had sacrificed all they had and did not have all they desired in worldly goods. Their first home was small, and as room was limited, "Dick" made his bed in a little cubby hole over the basement stairs. As he grew, he worked with his father learning the trade of stone mason. He worked part time in the quarries, cutting stone for the homes of the people and for the public buildings, and later for the temple of the Lord. Times were very hard for these pioneers, and the necessity of work was often too pressing to take time out for education, and there were very few facilities for it in those days. The leaders of the church were encouraging the communities to bring books with them, and there was a school started in Manti. But first must come homes and food and community properties. There was being led to these communities many of the world's finest tradesmen and artisans for the Lord had a work for them to do. Dick's father was a master mason and in learning this trade Dick could not have time for much education or schooling. It was just work to bring in the necessities. He learned to write, but never did take time out to learn to read, but his love for books was very great, and after he married, his wife and books were his constant companions, said his daughter

¹ They travelled to Salt Lake in 1852, departed Kaneshville (now Council Bluffs) on 24 June and arrived on 20 Sept. [FW]

Letitia. His wife would read by the hour to him when his day's duties were finished, she said, while he listened, did handwork or carved with his pocket knife. He did beautiful intricate carvings. His bishop, Bishop Reid, once said, "If Dick had ever had half a chance, he'd have gotten along very well, and he'd have been a beautiful penman."

He was a very talented man but had little opportunity to develop those talents. He wanted an education very badly and talked of it much. He always wanted musical instruments and a musical education, but was never able to afford them, said his daughter. He loved to sing. He had a very good voice and used it, a talent he passed on to his family of girls. These three daughters sang in the famous choir of Manti at the dedication of the temple and they also heard the heavenly choir which sang at this time.

The year 1853, on his seventh birthday, ground for the Salt lake temple was dedicated. That same year they settled in Manti, and the same year Brigham Young told the settlers in the valleys to put away wheat for storage, one bin for each family. The settlers heard, but most of them did not heed the Prophet. Brigham stored up six bins of wheat for his large family. Men like Heber C Kimball and others with their large families followed the Prophet's advice. A few years later, 1855-1856, a severe drought covered the land. Food became scarce, and much tribulation followed. Great numbers of cattle perished on the ranges due to this plus the severity of the winter. Measures were taken by the church to feed those who could not get food. A fast day was proclaimed for the church on the first Thursday of each month and food was saved and distributed among the needy. So liberally did the members of the church save and give that no one perished for want of food. Brigham Young, for one, cut down the rations of his family to a minimum and fed between 20,000 and 30,000 persons from his six bins of stored wheat, while Heber C Kimball and others shared the same. When troubles were their worst, and spring came with its hot sun a rattle snake plague hit the community. The rattlers swarmed up out of the quarries. Fear overtook the people and they moved up to higher ground along the south hill.

The settlers in Manti and surrounding settlements were in constant fear and danger. Chief Walker and his band of about 400 Indians roamed the country. Settlers had to be constantly on the alert with an organized militia. War broke out in 1853. The people were ordered, or requested, to move into the fort which Richard's father had helped to build. In the years that followed, Dick took his part in the war. He helped to guard the community against the hostile raids, and at night, said his daughter, he took his turn on guard and also helped in the fight for their lives and properties, and fought until the Blackhawk war was ended. He had many dealings with the Indians, and with his natural ability to make friends, learned to speak the Indian language, and had many interesting experiences because of it.

Drought and grasshoppers, a dual plague, hit "all the farms south of Salt Lake City." In Manti the grasshoppers came over the valley in great clouds from a then unknown source. They entered the fields and gardens, greedily devouring every species of vegetation except the wild spinach, "pig weed", which grew around the foot of temple hill. Brigham Young wrote, "the farms are nearly a desert . . . myriads of grasshoppers, like snowflakes in a storm, occasionally fill the air over the city, as far as the eye can reach, and they are liable to light wherever they can distinguish good food . . . the shore of the great Salt Lake is lined with the dead, from 1" to 2" thick." According to Lieutenant Warren, "these insects are nearly the same as the locusts of Egypt and no one who has not travelled on the prairie, and seen for himself, can appreciate the magnitude of the swarms. Often they fill the air for many miles of extent. To a person standing in one of these swarms as they pass over and around him, the air becomes sensibly darkened, the sound produced by their wings resembles that of a passage of a train of cars on a railroad."

The grasshoppers were a recurring plague to the valleys of Utah for several, though not always consecutive, years. The Mormon settlements suffered more from the ravages of the insects than probably all other causes combined. (Roberts, *History of the Church*)

"In addition to the loss of the other crops by drought and grasshoppers, great numbers of cattle died on the ranges from the severity of the winter of 1855-1856. This greatly lessened the quantity of food. Also at this time the immigration of the saints was unusually large and also during the same period of time the great numbers of gold hunters came enroute to California. They came into the valleys destitute of food and had to be fed and aided on their way from the scant supplies of food of the people. In 1856 greater sacrifices and increased burdens were placed upon them because of the heavy immigration and the work of rescuing the handcart immigration. This work was all done by the people in the valleys whose resources were reduced by famine." These are the conditions Richard grew up in.

At age nine years and four months Richard was baptized a member of the church, 17 June 1855. In 1856, when Dick was ten years old, his father traveled to Salt Lake City and received his endowments, was sealed to Richard's mother, and to a new wife Sarah Brereton Bell and her two daughters Sarah and Elizabeth were also sealed to him. All of these had come to America on the same ship as Dick's family. So a new life was to begin for him with his brothers and sisters, with a new mother and two step sisters. After five years without a mother it may have had its problems for the children.

Dick loved the open. He became a beautiful skater and a good hunter. He was always a good sport, and with his friends George Peacock, Frank and Gar Snow, had many a good hunting trip, coming home many times with his sleigh piled high with deer, sometimes as many as ten at a time for family and friends. He was a man of many friends. He had a jovial personality. He loved people and people loved him. Said his daughter Let, "Dad never had an enemy." He loved dancing. He danced often, and after marriage his wife didn't care so he continued to dance often. He loved to learn of things about him. He loved to travel, which he did lots of. He loved friends to call, and had much company and many parties, which carried on after he was married. He opened his house to his friends and his children's friends. Their "gang" would come in the evenings and sing.

Dick could not see his father's point of view about becoming a stone mason. He did learn the trade, and did much of it throughout his life, but whenever he had a chance he would be off to the blacksmith shop watching the smiths at their work. This was a very popular trade in those days of horses and freighting. Perhaps his cumulative experience since the days in St Louis, crossing the plains and the fact that all work and transportation was done with horses, instilled in him a love for horses. Blacksmithing was the trade he wanted and eventually turned to.

He did carpentering with his father around the settlements. He was a freighter for years around the settlements and across the plains. But eventually he went into the blacksmithing business with Mr Erickson. This business he stayed in until he moved north to Canada, where he then set up a business of his own, which he carried on until his death five years later.

One of his experiences with freighting was about the year 1865. When he was 19 years old Brigham Young sent down to Manti to the authorities requesting a number of teams to meet a caravan in Salt Lake to go back to Council Bluffs, Iowa to haul supplies and immigrants back to Utah. Dick and his brother John went with the group. Of this experience his grandson Eddie said, "Great-grandfather Hall gave my grandfather Dick two broken oxen, four oxen which were not broken to the yoke, loaded the wagons with supplies and bed rolls, and the boys joined the company of wagons leaving Manti to go to

Salt Lake. They arrived there in due time and joined the caravan travelling east to Council Bluffs." His daughter said he had seven yokes of oxen, two wagons filled with flour and other provisions for the saints on the trail. He had only one collar for his oxen. When he arrived at Moroni the first day out he had his foot run over, but he did not stop until his next stopping place, and there he stayed a while to heal it. The company he had waited for had come and gone to the valley with another company, so he had to wait until another came along. When they arrived at Council Bluffs they ran into trouble. The immigrants and supplies they were supposed to pick up had not yet arrived. They were delayed several weeks. During that period of time they tried to find work and most of the men eventually found employment although grandfather told me, said Eddie, that they couldn't work with the people they were supposed to be working with. They were not used to the hot sun and humid climate, and the people of that area were very slow in their work, they didn't stay on the job. The men from the west found it very discouraging to work with these men. The local men chided them for going out and doing a day's work, and they eventually had to give it up because of the opposition they received from the local people.

They waited in Council Bluffs for quite a period of time, and eventually received their loads. It was reported to me as a child that part of this load that my grandfather hauled back to Salt Lake contained parts of the original clock that went into the tower of the city hall building in Salt Lake. This journey lasted a little over six months from the time they left Manti. Grandfather made two or three trips more back to Council Bluffs, but on the first trip he was the youngest of the group, and went back a bare foot boy.

On one of their trips to Council Bluffs, being young and full of energy, said Eddie, they were horsing around and took one of the boys, put the tongue of a wagon straight up in the air, tied a rope around the boy's back and hung him to the tongue of the wagon. Of course it didn't hurt him, but just at this time some people came in from town and were inquiring about this fellow. One of the older men enquired if he was there and where he was. "Oh," said one of the boys, "we just hung him. He's on the wagon out there." He told of many experiences he had while thus traveling these routes. One of their big problems was Indians stealing their horses, and the men having to go and find them. They had to night herd their horses and oxen every night. They had many hardships with storms, rain primarily, and things of this nature which they had to combat all of the time. Sometimes those trips would take as long as seven months. They went through many inconveniences and tribulations. On one journey cholera hit the company and people were dying continuously all around him. Each morning someone would call out, "Bring out your dead." He helped to carry them out and bury them on the plains. He must have been greatly blessed as he did not take this dread disease. On another of these freighting journeys his horses were lost. They were afraid the Indians had taken them. As Dick spoke the Indian language he was chosen to go to the Indians to find the horses. Packing a lunch he started out on his search. While walking on a knoll he saw his horses, as expected, in an Indian camp. He wandered into the camp, seemingly, to them, unafraid. He spoke to them in their own language and gave them his lunch and pocket knife and his horses were returned to him.

He later said that going back he was very afraid for fear they would follow him and kill him. This was a story he liked to tell the men about town as they sat along main street and whittled. They did not believe him. No man could walk into an Indian camp in those days and come back alive. One day, as they sat whittling, some Indians came along. Dick recognized one as the fellow he'd given his pocket knife to. He spoke to him in Indian saying, "Hello." He acted very natural and said, "Show these men your pocket knife." He did. Then and only then did the men believe Dick's story. As a rule the people just

didn't go around talking to the Indians, but Dick was a plain, natural person and people liked him with his gift of patience.

"One other story I remember," said Eddie, "was that during the Indian uprising, my grandfather Dick and a friend of his and another man used to ride scouting parties to keep track of where the Indians were. As was customary they would ride on the same side together. One time grandfather was unable to go with the scouting party. He was sick. Another man went in his place. As the men made their journey that day the new chap was riding in the place where my grandfather usually rode. An ambush of Indians shot and killed him. Had my grandfather been there he would have been long gone. In Sanpete Valley he had a great many experiences pertinent to the pioneer days. I listened with great interest to those stories and they stayed with me all my life."

During his childhood in Manti there was a young girl, Anna Maria Lowry [Anna Maria Singleton]², "Annie". They often met at the same parties and entertainments. But Annie did not like him, as little girls do at certain ages. She said she disliked him very much, but in time the feeling turned to one of strong and abiding attachment. They were married 5 March 1866 in Manti. He was twenty and she nineteen. They were blessed with three lovely baby girls, Anna Maria, Rebecca Letitia, and Lavinia Viola. Later a baby son was born prematurely and did not live. They were sad and disappointed over this child and they had no more.

Just before Anna Maria, the first child, was born they took a trip to Salt Lake City and went to the Endowment House and received their endowments and were sealed to each other for time and eternity, 8 June 1867. This gave their children the privilege of being born under the covenant. Dick had been ordained an Elder in Manti. This journey to the Endowment House was taken, like all other journeys by the pioneer people, under constant fear of Indian attacks. They had to stop by the road overnight and in the night the horses wandered away. When Dick arose early he had to leave his wife and mother in the wagon asleep while he and the other men with them had to go look for the horses. The two women awoke, hearing a noise outside the wagon. Annie, thinking it was her husband, called "Dick", but received no answer. She then was terror stricken and lay very quiet while the covering of the wagon lifted and an Indian face looked in. He must have been startled, or they were greatly blessed, for he ran and disappeared. There was no more rest until Dick returned. Seven months later the first daughter, Anna Maria, was born, 6 Jan 1868.

When he was thirty-one years old the great day came into the life of the community – Brigham Young came to Manti and dedicated the ground upon which a temple of the Lord was to be built. Dick and family were there with the rest of the community. Services were held. He watched the leader take a carriage robe and lay it for Brigham Young to kneel on while he said the dedicatory prayer. He was close by and President Young borrowed his shovel to dig the first shovelful of dirt for the excavation. This shovel became a family treasure. It was sought after by many people who wanted it for a keepsake; Dick would not let it go. Eventually someone got it anyway – they stole it.

He worked on the temple in excavating, cutting rock in the quarries, and later with his father laying stone, etc. He worked and watched this Holy House reach completion. He witnessed its dedication 21 May 1888. His daughters sang in the choir at the dedicatory services, and heard the heavenly choir sing.

² Anna Maria Singleton's mother (Anna Maria Johnston) had married John Lowry in 1853. Anna Maria was probably using her step-father's name. [FW]

He no doubt heard the stories of the many spiritual experiences which took place at the dedication. He saw two other temples built and dedicated in the land of Zion, the St George 6 Apr 1877 which his father worked on for a number of years, and the Salt Lake temple, where his daughters also had the privilege of singing with the choir at the dedication.

Rebecca Letitia was born 15 Aug 1870. That same year his father was to enter plural marriage with a Scottish girl, Catherine Jack, seventeen months younger than Dick. This marriage was to bring him a new set of brothers and sisters. In 1875 he had born to them their last daughter, Lavinia Viola, born 28 March. The older daughters, Anna Maria and Rebecca Letitia were baptized 3 Oct 1878 and confirmed the same day. Lavinia Viola was baptized 7 May 1883. Maria was married 21 Nov 1892 to Ether Edwin Price of Salt lake City. Ed lived only six years after the marriage and passed away, leaving Maria with three small children, a son having passed away previously. This left Dick and Annie with the responsibility of helping their daughter raise her children. Maria, "Rye", moved from Salt Lake back to Manti to work and be with her children. The following November Maria went to the Manti temple and the children were sealed to Ed.

During his lifetime he saw much trouble with the Indians. When the troubles were at their worst the people of the community moved up alongside the south hill as soon as spring came because of their fear, and because of the rattle snakes that swarmed up out of the quarries. Later when the Indians became too dangerous, the residents built a fort around their properties and lived in it until the war was over. He fought in these squabbles with the Indians and in the Blackhawk War that finished the trouble.

Eddie said, "In 1898-1899 some of the Manti people came to the Cardston, Alberta, Canada area and returned to Manti with such glowing reports of the conditions in Alberta, the flat rolling prairies, the long grass, the abundance of water and the cheap land. I remember these men talking as they whittled along the sidewalk. They told such interesting stories. Then, fifty years of age, the pioneer spirit still alive, Richard was swayed by the tales of the prairies. He decided to go north and become a part of the new settlements going up in Canada. There would be more opportunities there he reasoned. He took his wife and Maria and her children Edwin, Henry and Letitia with him. Maria adored her father. She was, it is said, her father's daughter. She felt a need to cling to him. She, far more than her sisters, enjoyed the great out of doors with him: the canyons, the fishing and all. During her troubled short marriage he had helped her much, buying shoes for the boys and many things. Ed had become too ill to work, and Maria was expecting her baby Letitia, so they moved to Manti where Ed was bedridden until his death. Her parents took them into their home and cared for them and cared for the children while their mother worked to support them."

Despite the hardships, life had its good times too. Their life was one of work and play, of joy and sorrow. Dick was a home loving man and would sit in the evenings when work was done and whittle or carve his intricate wooden articles while Annie read to him. The children gathered around them with their handwork. They were a great family for beautiful handwork. They took careful care with each tiny stitch. The beautiful articles were entered into the fairs. Later in Canada their work was not only entered in fairs locally but in fairs as far away as Chicago. Their home was a happy one. The parents loved their children. The girls followed in their footsteps. They were fond of friends and did much entertaining, with always a big party for Dad's birthday. There were picnics and lunches and dancing and sports and singing and hunting and berry pickings, and even at times a picture show. Let said, "Father was always home with us evenings with his handicrafts and a big pile of logs. We had no coal for a fireplace. Logs had to be chopped in the mountains and stores. We had homemade tallow candles which cast their soft light over the room. We would sit by the fireplace and warm our toes and chew on apples, molasses candy or

popcorn popped in the skillet. Christmases were happy for the whole family with goodies and homemade presents. Easters were fun with our colored eggs, lunches and hikes.”

There were the years Dick worked on the temple and his wife would bring his lunch to him and they would visit while he ate, at the children ran over the construction work. “Many were the years of happiness in the home and the community with the family and friends, and Grandpa close by. Those dear years were to pass. They rolled by, and the girls grew up,” said Let. However the girls were still at home when he was persuaded to move to Canada where friends from Manti had moved. The two youngest girls were working at good jobs in the telephone office. The rest of the family moved in the fall of 1901. They took their belongings and boarded the train for a new life. The route was north to Coutts, Alberta, the port of entry. From here they traveled on the slow A.I.R. train, a tiny narrow gage railway with tiny cars, with hardly enough room to stand in, and where one had to stoop to look out of the window. It was an interesting experience. The train was so slow that every little ways it would stop and let the passengers out to look for buffalo. This was a land of no fences, roads or bridges. They arrived at Stirling, North West Territories, in Nov 1901. They had to sleep on the railway station floor that night. The next day they took a wagon for Magrath, their destination. It was a memorable ride over the flat land, hills and coulees, with no roads to mark the way. A few memories of Eddie Price about this trip to Canada: “When this great pioneer heard the account brought back from Canada his interest was aroused. He sold out his property and made preparations to ship his belongings to Magrath, Alberta. We left Manti on 9 Nov and arrived in Magrath on the 15th of November. We were travelling in the same train with other pioneers coming to the same place. When we came to a small town in Montana, Grandmother looked out of the window and saw some chickens along the track and recognized them as her speckled hens. The train soon stopped and we all scurried out to catch the chickens.

“At Great Falls we changed from the wide gage to the narrow gage train. This consumed a day and a night and an extra car. The journey from Great Falls was very slow and rough. At one point as we traveled along some of the men from the freight cars came back and mother expressed a desire for some milk. Christian Peterson said, ‘That’s easy.’ He jumped from the car, ran out to the side, picked up an empty whiskey bottle, came back to the train, went over the cars, washed the bottle, milked the cow, and returned with the milk to us. The track was just laid on the prairies, the speed was very slow, it took from early morning until near midnight to reach Stirling, and that night we slept on the floor of some people by the name of Seely. (Here the story varies a bit.) The men worked nearly all night taking care of the stock. The next day we loaded most of our belongings and started for Magrath. The only fences were the Stirling town fence, the Raymond field and the Magrath field. We just angled in the general direction of Magrath. We arrived at Magrath and to the home of Chris and Sarah Poulson, who were also raised in Manti. At that time they had a two roomed house. There were six of us, and some other men from Manti who were building the old school house. We all stayed at the Poulson’s house. At night the furniture was moved outside of the house and beds were made all over the floors. Then came the days spent buying a lot, obtaining lumber, digging a basement, constructing our first home. These were the type of people who had the courage and the will to make a home in a new land. There was the spirit of the pioneers.”

Dick bought a piece of land on the Pot Hole Creek, on the south west corner of town. His bricks were made of straw and clay from the banks of the creek. The home was small with a basement underneath. The outside he covered with lumber and lined the inside. Annie put the homey touches to it by hanging yards of her homemade carpet up for a partition and floor coverings. She hung curtains on the windows and though it was crowded with furniture and such a large family, it was home and they were happy and thankful.

Dick found work on the Dudley farm and later opened his own blacksmithing business. He bought himself some farmland outside of town and started farming also. His two daughters from Manti followed soon and he helped them get a bit of land. The youngest, Vinnie, brought with her a fiancé. A lovely wedding was held in their home, and as usual, many friends were present. So many that the furniture was moved from the house to a tent to make room for the guests.

The other two girls found employment. Let started a business of her own – a millinery shop which became quite famous among the fairer sex. She purchased hat forms and the latest trimmings, made her own hats and displayed them. She ran a thriving business for a number of years, and her Easter Parade of hats was one of the highlights. Later she became manager of the local telephone office, which work she had been trained in in Manti where she and Vinnie worked until they came to Canada. She managed this office until she was well over eighty years of age. She never did marry. She told before she passed away that “I just couldn’t marry anybody and the right one just never came along.” Maria found employment anywhere she could to support her three children. Dick and Annie cared for the family while she worked. In time she opened a café where she was able to be with her children. She specialized in sandwiches and hot tamales (a special recipe that she paid \$25.00 for in Salt Lake). Later she married again.

Life went well for a while. Many new friends were made, friendships which lasted for the rest of their lives in Magrath. The love to entertain remained with them. They were active in community affairs and the church. However, Dick was not too well. Before leaving Manti he had had an accident up in Thistle Canyon and was seriously injured. Eddie says, “He was unable to work for more than a year from this accident. Being energetic, and being a great man with a knife to whittle, he whittled chains out of wood and ornament out of wood. He also used to go up to temple hill and get pieces of stone and cut them into pieces and shapes like books and other types of ornaments. In fact I have in my possession a book that he cut during that time. It has a picture of the Manti temple on it, the temple as the artists conceived it. The picture was implanted in one side and glass placed over it. On the other side he cut out a place and put locks of hair from each member of his family and covered this with glass.”

The cause of his death only a few short years after settling in Canada was indirectly related to his accident in the Canyon. One day he went to assist some neighbors, the Naylor's, in moving their home across the creek, which came to be called the Pot Hole Creek (named after a Mounted Police camp in the creek which the Mounties called the Pot Hole). As the front end of the wagon dropped over a sharp bank and into the water, Dick was standing on the double trees of the front team of horses. The chain broke and he was thrown into the water. He was strained and again injured internally. He never did recover from this injury. He was sitting at breakfast 3 June 1905 and had a heart attack and collapsed, sliding under the table, dead. His family laid him on the bed and sent the little granddaughter, Letitia, for help. Annie threw herself beside him in the bed crying. “Oh Dick, oh Dick, don’t go.”

He was buried in the cemetery in Magrath and here for a long time afterwards, his wife went, when she could stand it no longer, and lay on his grave and cry. Lettie, his granddaughter said, “I used to walk that long way with Grandma often and watch her lie on the grave and cry.” This had a deep effect on Lettie.

Eddie’s memories: “I remember walking with Grandfather and Grandmother Hall from mother’s restaurant in Manti down to the old home place. They had rolled the baby (Lettie) up in a blanket and put her on the sleigh. As they were to cross the creek bridge Grandmother looked around and hollered ‘Dick, we have lost the baby.’ Dick looked around and he didn’t know where the baby was. They

backtracked a block or so and the baby was lying by the side of the road. She had fallen off. She wasn't awake, just sleeping peacefully. One time Granddad had been out of work and somebody had shot a big bear up in the canyon, skinned it and brought some of the meat down. This man cut two or three nice steaks out of the bear meat and gave them to Granddad. He wrapped them up in a piece of paper and took them home. He was a little late getting there and Grandmother bawled him out about it. He said, 'Well, I was late as I had to get this meat for supper and I'd like you to cook it.' She said, 'Give it here.' She went in and threw it in the frying pan, sniffed at it and said, 'Where did you get that?' He said, 'Well, I got it from so-and-so.' She cooked it, put it on the table and they ate their supper. Then Granddad said, 'How did you enjoy the steak Ma?' 'Oh,' she said, 'it wasn't too bad at all.' 'Do you know what you were eating?' he said. 'No,' she said, 'I guess it was beef steak.' 'No,' he said, 'it was bear meat.' Then the top blew off.

"I remember my grandfather in Magrath, with the others, helping one another among all those great men and women. The irrigation was just coming to town and I remember the beautiful gardens that were grown, which gave Magrath the name of "Garden City". We had many experiences. I remember the problems of the high winds, the great snow of 1903 when thousands of horse and cattle perished in the drifting snows. Our barns, such as they were, were drifted full and for days we could not get to them with feed or water. I remember our hen house built of sod and full of snow. After three days we were able to shovel out the snow and feed the hens. I remember the summer of 1902 and the great rains. It rained every day from the middle of June until 1 July. Peter Hammer had ploughed some sod near Spring Coulee, discing and broadcasting oats in it before the rains came. It was so wet for so long that he was never able to harrow the oat seed into the ground, but in the fall he harvested 125 bushels from 10 acres. The wild flowers and wild life of Canada were intriguing to the young people. We each had an Indian pony. We rode without saddles and many times without bridles, with only a rope on the pony's nose. Some of the old timers will remember my grandfather as a blacksmith in Magrath, as well as a stone mason. He cut rock west of the river for many of the early foundations in the town.

"Granddad sang in the choir when he was young. He had a very good voice. Once he went out to a conference. After the meeting was over the man that was the visitor there called another meeting, and as I recall it, it must have been a Priesthood meeting. He told Grandmother that she would have to go home with some of the other ladies because he had to stay to this meeting. Grandmother went home and waited, and waited, and waited. Nine o'clock came and in those days it was bedtime, but he didn't come and he didn't come. The old clock had struck twelve before he came in the door and the little English woman was all ready for him. She wanted to know where he'd been, and what he'd been doing until this time of the night. She really gave him the once over. 'Well, Ma,' he said, 'we held our meeting and then this brother told us missionary experiences.' The missionary that was there was one of the great church missionaries of all time. His name was William Palmer, and he had a roving commission from the President of the church. After he had filled all of his missions, when any special assignments were sent out that they did not have a man for, they would send Brother Palmer to do this work. (William was my grandmother Josephine Palmer Litchfield's half brother and Aesel Palmer's father.) This was what William was doing that night, and after the meeting he began relating to some of the men his missionary experience. Now I had heard this story when I was a boy in Manti. In 1901 we came to Canada and my grandfather heard that William Palmer had moved to Raymond, and he couldn't hardly wait to go over there and meet Brother Palmer and renew acquaintances of those many years. After William Palmer was in Canada he still held this roving commission and I have heard him speak in Taber. Now he was a relative of yours. Well he got my granddad in dutch with that little English spitfire. I know just how she could go at him Of course Granddad was good natured. He passed away suddenly and thus ended the life of a man I honor and respect for all he did for me and for my brother and sister."

Dick was a small man, medium dark hair, grey eyes, jolly, full of mischief and always playing jokes on someone. He was very kind hearted. He loved people, and was loved by them. He gave all he had and would have given much more if possible to his wife and girls to make them comfortable and happy. He and his wife had always been very close, she going with him whenever she could. The girls said, "Mother was always with Father and we took over the house." He had always been a lover of animals, especially horses and dogs. He always had a dog and loved training them. An interesting incident about one of his dogs: he was away from home and out of matches one evening and couldn't make a fire. Looking around he saw a light from a fire a long ways away. He told his dog to go and get him a fire brand. This the dog did. The next day Dick saw the men from the camp and they told him that the dog had come to the campfire, sat around, waited his chance, then stole a fire brand (a burning stick) from the campfire and ran quickly back to his own camp with it.

Dick was always a busy person. Always working. Even in his spare time he was busy making things or carving from wood, stone or ivory. Especially well remembered were the little rock bookends made from the stone under the temple. His daughter Let said, "He could do anything he put his hands to." He spent his life in the service of others. He didn't make money, but longed for the nice things and would have given his family everything for their comfort and enjoyment had circumstances permitted.

During his life he had many faith promoting experiences. A few were told to me. At one time in Manti he was working up in Thistle Canyon and a large boulder rolled down on him. He raised his hands to keep from being crushed, and held the rock upwards through the whole night until someone came to help him. That night he lost 20 pounds. He was injured internally as the strain had loosened some organs. When he was taken home the family thought he would die, but he lived and said he was saved because his prayers were answered. From then on he was never entirely well. He would often take spells of gas between the lining of his stomach and would nearly die.

When he was a young boy, a rattle snake bit him. He was so frightened that he ran and as the snake had hold of his overalls, he ran so fast that he switched it off and it didn't bite through to the skin. At the time his sister Becky died in Manti there was a great sadness in the home. She was eighteen (maybe seventeen) years old and unmarried. She took ill and suddenly passed away. Dick started from the kitchen up the steps to go into the "best room" where her body was laid out, and met her standing in the doorway. He said she was as plain to see as if she had been in life, but she didn't speak. He did not know what she wanted, or if maybe she had come to comfort him.

He was deprived of his mother's love and care while yet a little boy. Though his father cared for him he was always somewhat on his own. He learned some of the gospel and believed it. He took out his own endowments. He was always very charitable and "helped everyone and everything," said his children, "and mother didn't push him or he'd have gone much farther."

May the Lord bless him and grant him the blessings he deserves for his work among his fellowmen and open the way for him to accomplish and receive all of the things he desired so much and was denied. That he may be united with his mother, father, brothers and sisters. May we, his descendants ever enlarge upon the foundations of the heritage that these noble parents laid down for us is my prayer.